THE New Republic

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What risks is it "reasonable" to run?

By RALPH LAPP and JACK SCHUBERT

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MAY 20, 1957

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Washington Wire

Alibi for Ike

COLUMNIST Stewart Alsop asked himself some frank questions recently and gave himself some startling answers. Does Eisenhower have to stay away from his job so much? Yes, he does, says Alsop firmly; his health requires it. Does this reduce his work schedule? Certainly, says Alsop, it is "ridiculous" to pretend otherwise! Eisenhower is an "elderly man . . . in fact, a 'part-time President'."

Well, so far so good; a little stark, perhaps, but admirably candid from a newspaper column that has long admired Eisenhower. Now comes the heart of the piece—a topic we have long mulled over—who is *responsible* for our having a part-time President? Alsop answers this question plainly if elliptically, there "should be no surprise" about Eisenhower's physical state—the "voters" knew of it when they elected him, "or should have known of it."

Yes, they should have known. We think the matter quite important and worthy of exploration, though last November we could not have believed that it would come up only six months after the big landslide.

No office on earth is so potentially powerful as the American Presidency. Woodrow Wilson said, "His capacity will set the limit." Arthur Millspaugh wrote, "In no other part of the government is it so vitally necessary that . . . his energies should be brought fully to bear on his duties."

In the 1956 election the one topic that was taboo was Eisenhower's health. Stevenson was denounced vituperatively when he raised the question. On this subject, which Alsop now says "should come as no surprise," there was a blackout. On no other subject was mass control of communication media so completely absolute.

Go back a bit. After the heart attack GOP Chairman Len Hall and the press finally persuaded Eisenhower to run. The poor man didn't know what to say —everybody seemed to feel he ought to stand. In his February 29, 1956, TV report to the nation he announced his decision; he would have to make concessions to the doctors, he said, and there might "possibly be a greater risk" but he did not think this "great." "As of this moment," he promised, "there is not the slightest doubt that I can now perform as well as I ever have all of the important duties of the Presidency." He added, perhaps irrelevantly, "Incidentally, some of my medical advisers believe that adverse effects on my health will be less in the Presidency than in any other position I might hold."

Faultless Instincts

THEN came the ileitis operation. Recovery was quick but the political problem awkward. The best description we know of how this was handled came from Stewart Alsop describing the three-day GOP jamboree at Gettysburg in July. It was decided to put out the second decision to run with studied nonchalance—"to suggest that the President's second illness had nothing in common with his first." The craftsmanship of the maneuver, as it was executed, Alsop exclaimed, showed the President "has the most faultless political instincts of this generation."

The columnist reported that the President looked "visibly thinner . . . but his color was ruddy." On July 15 he reported "a glow about him, an indefinable effulgence" which he interpreted as a consciousness of success and power. On August 1 the Alsop brothers boldly noted a rumor that the President had a "weakening dysentery" and urged Hagerty and the doctors to meet the report. They did; nothing more heard of it.

At the San Francisco acceptance speech the brothers reported that the President "seemed to glow with health." Even better, a column from Des Moines noted that the President's health seemed communicable; admirers who came close to him "looked as though they had a good tonic."

Now we would not criticize the Alsops. They are good reporters and sometimes brilliant. We cite them merely as symbols of the campaign. If either brother told his audience that Eisenhower, if elected, would be a "part-time President" we missed it. The great frozen silence had settled down.

The same monolithic press demand that Eisenhower run again helped elect him. The public liked Eisenhower. They knew about his age and his operation, of course, but they were willing to be persuaded that these were unimportant. At the last they did not want to be reminded of unpleasant facts.

Were the "voters," then, responsible? Eyewash! What seems to be happening now, if we appraise it aright, is the creation of an alibi. The monolithic press has started its third crusade. First—to get Eisenhower to run; second—to elect him; third—to defeat his budget. If the development of this third crusade incidentally reveals an Administration vacillating and anemic as it begins to seem, then responsibility must be fixed on someone. Who? Why the "voters." They "knew," or at any rate they "should have known," his physical condition all along. Bribe the child with candy, and then blame it if it has colic!

The Third Crusade

THE HEALTH issue in the campaign never was, we believe, whether Eisenhower would survive (though of course actuarial tables were involved, too) but whether he had the virility to do the superhuman job required, and whether he had picked a proper successor. (Of the latter, aristocratic Walter Lippmann observed October 19—and then washed his hands of it—"General Eisenhower's great default . . . is, I believe . . . that he has not provided carefully and reliably for a successor . . . a man of unimpeccable character and of proven ability.")

And so, my friends, we have a part-time President and a one-party press. In 1952 Eisenhower represented conservatism, Taft counter-revolution; one accepted the New Deal world, the other would turn the clock back. Today the President's budget is the symbol; neither by comparison with national income, product or population is it too high. It is the resurgent Taft forces that attack —while Eisenhower belatedly defends.

T.R.B.

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The New Republic

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MAY 20, 1957

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Toward Arms Control

WE COMMEND President Eisenhower for advising the press to give careful study to the Russian arms-limitation proposals. Before the President spoke, most editorial writers brushed aside the Russian offer as more propaganda. In fairness to our newspapers, two compelling reasons for skepticism should be acknowledged. The new Russian position put forward April 30th during the London arms talks coincided with a new let's-be-friends line in Russian diplomacy. Also news of the Soviet proposals on inspection hit an economy-minded Congress just as it was about to take up the US defense budget for 1958. Moreover, what scanty information we have of the London talks comes almost exclusively from the President's arms advisor, Harold Stassen, who is leaving the government shortly and would stand to benefit if he could claim to have won some kind of diplomatic break-through.

Even so, however we hedge our optimism it does appear that Russians and Americans are now bargaining earnestly over details of an inspection system which was wholly outside the area of conceivable compromise 30 days ago. It is *not* disarmament; we do not have the official text of the Russian offer, delivered in a closed meeting. And the US has not yet delivered its formal reply. Yet enough is known to permit appraisal.

Russian spokesmen began accepting, for the first time and without political or military strings, a trial of President Eisenhower's proposal for guarding against surprise attack. The President, it should be recalled, suggested at the Geneva Summit meeting of 1955 that the entire US could be opened to the aerial inspection of Russian planes if the entire Soviet Union were opened to American observation from the air. The Russians countered with a ground inspection proposal, under which observers would be stationed at sea, rail and highway centers. Why not combine the two, the President asked?

For more than a year these ideas lay dormant, until Premier Bulganin in a letter to the President last November suggested a mutual inspection system extending 500 miles on each side of the Iron Curtain, provided it were combined with the removal of foreign troops from Central Europe —both Communist and NATO. The troop withdrawal condition was unacceptable to the West.

In a private conversation with the Russian delegate some time in late March or early April, Mr. Stassen made a counter-proposal: mutual inspection, without troop withdrawals, over the area in Central Europe outlined by a solid black line on the map on the following page, and over two areas in the Far East: all of Alaska and an equal area of eastern Siberia. Mr. Zorin then made his current offer of April 30 for inspection in Europe (large rectangle on the map), plus a vast area facing the Pacific, including all of the United States west of St. Louis,

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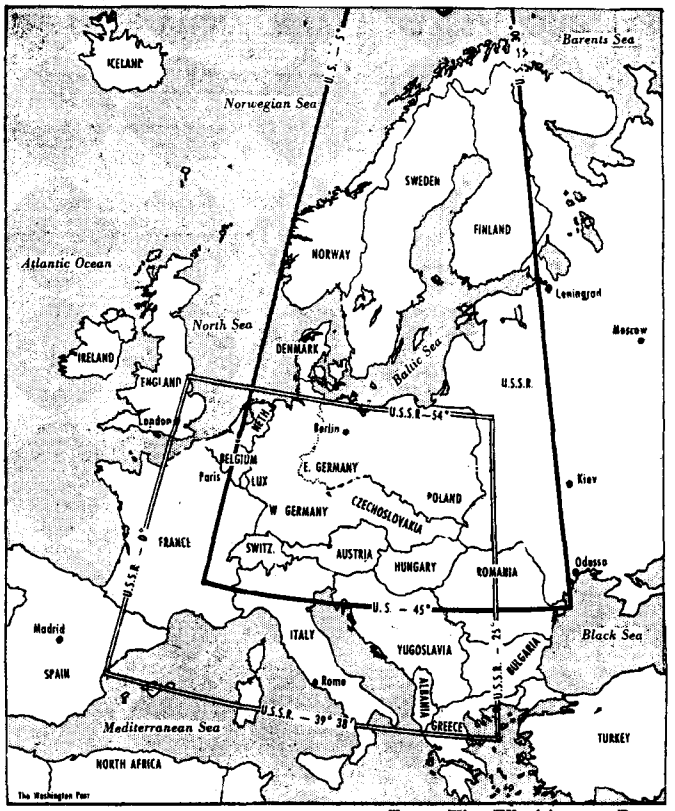

From The Washington Post

What part of Europe should be thrown open to mutual aerial inspection?

The map above shows three recent proposals: Dotted lines represent the limits of the Soviet proposal of Nov. 17, 1956, for a zone 500 miles wide on each side of the Iron Curtain in Germany and Czechoslovakia. The solid line is the US proposal to the London disarmament talks this spring. The double-lined rectangle is the Soviet counter-proposal of April 30. The US is now readying a third counter-proposal.

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plus Alaska, in return for an equal area in Siberia.

Two promising factors should be noted. Our negotiators and the Russians agree on substantial areas that would be open to inspection, including Central European advanced posts of both NATO and Warsaw Pact nations. And the Russians seem willing to limit the trial agreement to a specific problem, leaving other agreements to be worked out later if this experiment is successful.

Even partial agreement will not come off unless Russian and American leaders are being pressured by nearly-irresistible compulsions. Several such compulsions, now in the offing, may prove persuasive.

The American achievement of a 1,500-mile nuclear missile and plans for stationing such weapons in Western Europe have placed the Soviet Union at a military disadvantage for an indeterminate period; this might explain why the Russians would now risk opening the satellite nations to Western inspection in return for a chance to fly over new missile and rocket installations.

Other compulsions affect both sides equally. The mammoth arms program which so tempts the economizers in Congress has had no less disrupting effect upon Mr. Khrushchev's economic plans: it is possible that both sides would see an inspection scheme as a prelude to partial future cutback in arms expenditures. Moreover, the essential precariousness of the present arms race is demonstrated by the recent American success with intermediate missiles. The balance could tip suddenly either way when one power masters the "ultimate weapon," the 20-minute, 5,000-mile Moscow-Washington missile. Both sides might favor stopping short of the ultimate, and any such halt must start with some kind of inspection. And it is the inspection problem which is at the center of the London talks. The Russians await the American response.

One can conjure up a thousand situations which make carrying out such an agreement seem all but impossible. Consider the inner rectangle on the map above, the European inspection area on which Americans and Russians now agree. Here hostile Communist planes would be droning over eight Free World nations, and surly Russian inspectors would be demanding the right to open freight cars, stop highway trucks, inspect ships before sailing. How would the Russians comport themselves off duty? What slanderous press attacks? What rumors about their prying into private family goods, into commercial secrets? What ill feeling over plane crashes, automobile accidents, or petty insults?

Inside five satellite nations and the fringe of the Soviet Union, Free World inspectors would pose the same problems for Communist Governments which have never tolerated free inquiry.

Mr. Stassen and Mr. Zorin have a monumental negotiating task ahead. Should they succeed, public opinion will also have adjustments to make. For few of us have begun to grasp the surrender of privacy inherent in an effective arms control.

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Legacy

guil-lo-tine, *n.* 1. a machine for beheading persons by means of a heavy blade falling in two grooved posts [named after J. I. *Guillotin* (1738-1814), French physician, who urged its use.

chau-vin-ism, *n.* blind enthusiasm for military glory; zealous and belligerent patriotism or devotion to any cause. [from Nicholas *Chauvin*, an old soldier and overenthusiastic admirer of Napoleon I.]

boy-cott, *v.t.* to combine in abstaining from, or preventing dealings with, as a means of intimidation or coercion [from Captain *Boycott*, the first victim (1880), agent of an Irish landlord.]

Mc-Car-thy-ism, *n.* 1. public accusation of disloyalty, esp. of pro-Communist activity, in many instances unsupported by proof or based on slight, doubtful or irrelevant evidence. [from Joseph R. *McCarthy*, b. 1909, U.S. Senator, + -ism.]
—*The American College Dictionary*

TO THE legacy he left the dictionary, we append a footnote. He could not have been what he was had there not been cooperation from the press, a silence that gave consent on the part of many Democrats and encouragement by the Republican Party. Who is more culpable, the man who fires the shot, or those who hand him the loaded gun?

In deference to Joe McCarthy, the Republican Presidential candidate in 1952 deleted from a campaign speech in Wisconsin a friendly reference to General George Marshall. In recognition of Joe McCarthy's popularity among the voters of Massachusetts, Sen. John Kennedy looked the other way when his own party was being clubbed as a party of treason (and abstained, later on, from the Senatorial censure of McCarthy). In acknowledgment of Joe McCarthy's usefulness as a trigger-man, "Mr. Republican" himself found it inexpedient to interfere. And the week Joe McCarthy died, Sen. Robert A. Taft was immortalized as one of the five greatest Senators in our history.

Joe McCarthy hurt many people, yet the irony of his career is that the casualties were not among the group he said he most hated. Not one member of the Communist Party was fired from government service because Joe McCarthy put the finger on him. All those lists, all those points of order, all those accusations—and for what? The irony, moreover, cut deeper. The American Communist Party did not, after all, seriously threaten our domestic tranquility in 1950. But the Communist danger was genuine elsewhere—in Italy, France, South Asia. And in these places, the word McCarthyism was a means by which Communist parties were able to enter a contempt citation against all of America. One Senator and his travelling ambassadors compensated for many a Stalinist error, for they made the anti-Communist fight appear ludicrous.

Were the liberals of this country scared? Some, perhaps. But let it also be noted that Joe McCarthy gave many liberals that without which they wither: indignation. He made many a New Dealer feel young again. He even made it possible for *The New Republic* to conduct its most successful promotion campaign: a letter inviting people to subscribe if they wished to fight McCarthyism.

McCarthy symbolized the meaninglessness of our political vocabulary. For if, as some said, he was "Right-Wing," then "Right-Wing" means opportunism. He was idolized by many who call themselves "conservatives"—George Sokolsky or the editors of the *National Review*—but he had little respect for any established order. Traditional values—of moderation, generosity, deference to authority—were not those he revered. On the contrary, he gratified the mob's longing for the spectacle of higher-ups being humiliated. They would have Generals, the President himself, dragged into the public square and kicked. Essentially, Joe McCarthy was subversive: his demon drove him to destroy, and in the end he destroyed himself.

Still, there was something right in the note of compassion in the comments of Eleanor Roosevelt and Sen. Richard Neuberger. That note affirms our imperfections and the fact of brotherhood. There is wisdom too in not arrogating to one's self that right of final judgment which is history's. For Joe McCarthy was a child, though not a helpless child, of the first decade of an anxious nuclear age we have only begun to understand. We are just discovering that when a bomb explodes, poisonous substances are released into the atmosphere, and that fallout effects are delayed. Years must pass before we know how far the poisons have eaten into the bones of the race.

Smart Politics

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S TV lecture on the national budget—and why it is so high—came too late to change many votes in Congress. But it may help prepare the public for what is to come. ("If you think *this* budget is a big one," the May issue of *Fortune* editorializes, "you ought to look at next year's.")

On the whole, the President's budget merits the support he asks. For he is right that the only place to make drastic cuts is in expenditures for defense and security, and, as he says, it is not safe to do that "until you have eased tensions in the world." There is reason to question whether his Administration has done all it might to ease those tensions or whether the burden of taxes is being shared equably. But things being as they are, the budget request is not too high.

Those in Congress who demand a $3-4 billion cut in the President's request are faced with the fact that national security expenditures (including foreign military aid and atomic energy development as well as mili-

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tary appropriations) take 59 cents of every budget dollar. Other "fixed costs"—interest on the national debt, veterans' benefits and routine administrative costs—require another 21 cents. That leaves only 20 cents for welfare and farm programs, resource development, foreign aid—and everything else. To cut much from this 20 cents means eliminating whole programs the public has come to want.

But the leaders of both the President's party and the opposition have decided that economy is smart politics this year. And the President's call to them to act like statesmen falls on plugged ears. Ever since his Easter trip to talk to the folks back in Texas, Lyndon Johnson has opened each session of the Senate with an attack on Eisenhower spending.

Leading Republicans are more concerned in competing with Johnson for the chief economizer title than in cooperating wtih the President. More than a dozen of the most influential Republican Senators are openly opposing the budget. Leaders like Martin, Reed and Simpson challenge the President in the House. He will have to overturn their leadership to win a majority.

It is not likely that this will happen. The economizers will probably succeed in slashing funds for foreign aid and defense—but for little else, and when the battle is over may have cut as much as $3 billion from the $72 billion the President is asking. Perhaps $1 billion will come out of foreign aid; most of the remainder, out of defense. But in recent budget years what has been cut from defense requests in the beginning has usually found its way back into the budget before the year is out. So in the end probably half of what is cut will be restored through supplemental appropriations.

Sophisticates among the biggest taxpayers expect as much. Members of the Commerce Department's Business Advisory Council privately told reporters at a Hot Springs ,Va., meeting last week that even if Congress cuts authorizations $3 billion or more "when the actual outlays are added up at the end of the 1958 fiscal year, they will be little, if any, lower than the $72 billion originally proposed." Until tensions lessens, taxes won't either.

Whose News in Boston?

THE *Boston Globe* doesn't cater to eggheads, nor can it even be accused of Democratic sympathies. But it is independent, a newspaperman's newspaper, and that makes it an irritant—both political and financial—to Robert B. Choate's right-wing *Herald-Traveler*. For years Choate has made no secret of his desire to absorb the *Globe*. The death of *Globe* publisher W. O. Taylor in 1955 brought about a showdown in the tradition of *Executive Suite*, complete with personal visits by Choate to the bankers on State Street to head off loans for a new *Globe* printing plant. In Boston the *Globe* can take care of itself, but Washington proved another matter.

With the help of Secretary of Commerce Sinclair Weeks, a fellow Bostonian, Choate went to the Federal Communications Commission last year, endeavoring to consolidate his position by acquiring a TV franchise. Since the *Herald-Traveler* already operates a radio station (the *Globe* does not), and since three rivals were also in the running, FCC's Chief Examiner James D. Cunningham had, a year earlier, denied the *Herald-Traveler's* bid for Boston's Channel 5. That ruling was in conformity with the established FCC preference for "diversification" of communications ownership in any community. To opt for the *Herald-Traveler* was to disregard voluminous evidence submitted by the *Globe* that Choate's radio outlet, WHDH, had deliberately employed "tie-in" advertising (bargain rates for advertisers taking both radio and newspaper space) as a weapon against the *Globe*. Moreover, said *Globe* officials in sworn affidavits, Choate had boasted he would use TV "to eliminate the *Globe* as a Boston newspaper."

On April 25 this year, however, the FCC, by a 4-2 vote, overruled Cunningham's decision. It granted that diversification "weighs significantly" against WHDH, but insisted that all things considered it could do a better job for Boston. The FCC decision is such a scandalous example of influence peddling (Weeks and Choate's majority shareholder, Sidney Winslow, are long-time business and political associates) that even proper Bostonians are aroused. Until May 25 the *Globe* and the three rivals for the TV outlet can appeal the decision in the District of Columbia Circuit Court, but the Court can reverse the FCC only on legal technicalities, not on policy. Meanwhile, though the case has received little national attention outside the trade press, Bostonians are witnessing old-fashioned newspaper war. The *Herald-Traveler* even committed the unthinkable breach of newspaper ethics—front-paging an accident photo in which the injured pedestrian was less conspicuous than the offending vehicle, labeled *Globe*.

Also from Boston . . .

"AFTER 42 years of corporation law," wrote Boston attorney Charles O. Pengra recently in the publication commemorating the 45th reunion of his class at Harvard, "nothing I do could be of any interest. I am too reactionary to hold public office, too busy to write a book, too old to play golf, and too young to retire."

On May 3, Pengra paid a little-noticed call on Secretary of the Treasury Humphrey—to be looked over, it is said, for the Securities and Exchange Commission chairmanship which will be vacated when SEC Chairman J. Sinclair Armstrong becomes Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

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Jordan—One Plum Not Ripe for Picking

"ORDER and quiet have been restored"—thus King Hussein in the banqueting hall of the Basman Palace while, outside, his people were preparing to celebrate the Ramadan feast. He then added a phrase that is almost comic. The crisis, the King said, had been "merely a domestic affair" and not the sort of thing that should have caused "all that press excitement."

Whatever else may or may not be true about recent events in Jordan, it is quite clear that they have not been "merely a domestic affair." The Middle East is now the chief battleground of the Great Powers and when America ordered out the Sixth Fleet and landed marines at Beirut, she was making a move that might, in different circumstances, have led to a third world war. As things have turned out, the State Department will no doubt claim that the policy has been an unqualified success. King Hussein is established a little more firmly on his throne; Syria has not marched over the borders of Jordan; and Saudi Arabia is becoming more and more detached from Egypt. Nor is this all. Not only has Nasser had a rebuff but Russia has suffered an important victory. The optimists believe that there may be even greater dividends. The pro-Western forces in Syria, we are told, are stirring and may before long seize power.

Unfortunately, the problem is not one that can be solved by the Old World method of dispatching a gunboat to overawe the natives. The king has won a round, but on the other hand the forces ranged against him, both within and without his small and artificial kingdom, have not been crushed, even though they have had a shock. Far from it. A few arrests, the hasty flights over the Syrian border, the king's unexpected bravery, must have surprised his enemies but has not, on any long view, weakened the strength of their position.

Jordan remains deeply divided, and there is no sign that Hussein has yet found—or is likely to find—a policy that would unite his people. On the one side are the Bedouins, so picturesque in the films, so shabby and disappointing on a closer inspection. Despite their poverty Communism has so far had no impact on their thought and habits. They are still King's men, partly because of tradition but even more because experience has taught them that survival is impossible unless there is absolute obedience to the Chief.

On the other side are the urban Proletariat reinforced by the swarms of Arabs driven out of Palestine after the 1948 war. The refugees are the real problem. Utterly destitute, living on charity, escaping from the drab horror of their lives in a bloody dream of revenge, what are they to Hussein and what is he to them? They can be suppressed and herded out of sight, but their complete poverty, their intolerable sense of grievance—here is the powerful yeast that will go on working long after the American marines have left Beirut. Or take another revealing glimpse of Jordan. Fifty years ago Amman had a population of 2,000: today it has swollen to the bloated absurdity of 200,000. This growth would have been healthy if it had been the reflection of economic development—if factory after factory had gone up to provide work for the population. That is precisely what has not been happening. Jordan is a country that has no industry, no natural resources, no common tradition and no social conscience. A *coup d'etat* and the arrival of Bedouin chiefs does not solve anything.

Moscow must, of course, protest indignantly against this latest act of "imperialism," but it is very doubtful whether, in fact, the Russians feel that they have had more than a temporary setback. From their point of view the future remains as promising as ever. If we look objectively at Arab poverty and the ludicrous dreams and incompetence of the Arab potentates, Moscow must regard the Middle East as a green plum that can be left to ripen and purple on the tree. One day it will fall, and while they may sometimes be tempted to apply adventitious aids to help on nature's laws, there is no need for them to be impatient.

IT may even be that the Russians are coming round to the view that the Eisenhower Doctrine may do them more good than harm. As we reported two weeks ago, after their first panicky reaction, the Russians have not only become more and more contemptuous of the President's new policy but have been using it to inflame Arab passions. The Americans are now "neo-Colonialists," whose secret aim is to thwart the legitimate ambitions of the Arab world. Nor should we assume that Moscow is particularly disturbed by King Hussein's *coup d'etat*. His regime is still precariously placed and will, unless there is some radical change, remain a constant source of anxiety and danger. Besides there is a sense in which Jordan does not matter. Egypt and Syria are the important countries, and both look toward Russia, and not America, for comfort and aid. On a Marxist analysis the revolutionary forces are bound to gather momentum until the point is reached when both Egypt and Syria become Communist. When that day comes the West will indeed be in peril.

These are the realities behind the Jordan crisis and when they are all taken into account, it seems a trifle premature to hang out the flags. King Hussein's *coup d'etat* is not the end of something. It is, in fact, barely more than a skirmish in a struggle that will continue for a long, long time.

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Radiation Dangers

What is known about the hazards of bomb tests? What risks is it "reasonable" to run?

A NEW WORLD debate on the hazards of bomb testing has been set off by the forthcoming British series of tests in the South Pacific, by the fall-out of Russian bomb debris in Japan, and by a repeated Russian offer to ban bomb tests if Britain and America will do likewise—an offer unaccompanied by any inspection system.

The debate is not enlightening, because it is an argument, principally, between two groups of extreme partisans, both guilty of asserting scientific claims unconfirmed by the evidence. One extreme declares that the entire human race is already imperiled by bomb debris, and that each additional test adds alarmingly to the threat. The opposite extreme (expressed usually by a high public official) asserts there is no health peril whatsoever.

Last week the *New York Times* quoted Dr. Ernest Lawrence, scientific advisor to Harold Stassen at the present disarmament talks, as describing the fear of radiation injuries from bomb tests as "a lot of nonsense." And Viscount Cherwell, scientific advisor to Winston Churchill during World War II, told the House of Lords: "How they [Pope Pius and Dr. Albert Schweitzer] can allow themselves to be taken in by the inaccurate propaganda of the friends of Russia is hard to understand." He remarked that thousands of people died each year from accidents climbing into and out of bathtubs, but no one had proposed a ban on baths.

In the opinion of reputable American scientists who themselves advocate an end to bomb tests, Dr. Schweitzer did go beyond the known facts about radiation in his world-wide broadcast of April 24. Science itself is not yet certain about two crucial aspects of radiation from nuclear explosions: One concerns the *variations* in the pattern whereby a radiopoison such as strontium-90 moves from bomb cloud to earth, concentrated in some areas by weather conditions; from earth to vegetables and cows, accelerated by some soil conditions; and from food to the human bones, in amounts varying according to individuals. Conceivably, these variations could cause thousands of fatal bone cancer cases throughout the world before creating a threat to the average population. But that cannot yet be proved. And by the time proof or disproof is available, the poison of past tests will already be in the clouds, the soil, and the bones, beyond recall.

A second gap in scientific knowledge is: what is a "permissible" dose of radiopoison? Does the peril begin only above a certain threshold (*i.e.* "x" units of strontium-90 cause no deaths but "x" plus 1 will kill anybody), or does the peril rise gradually and cumulatively (one unit of strontium-90 causes bone cancer in a tiny fraction of people, two units in a few more, and so on). Scientists have not confirmed either theory. And confirmation cannot be established quickly.

Pending proof, the only safe hypothesis

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on which to base public policy is the view expressed by the British Atomic Scientists Association and shared by many reputable American scientists: that every bomb test creates additional radiopoisons which will kill a certain number of people.

Until this hypothesis is disproved scientifically *The New Republic* will continue to urge as it has for the past two years, a high degree of restraint. Ideally, we seek agreement for the banning of all nuclear tests, enforced by an effective inspection system. Short of that, a ban on "dirty bomb tests" is an immediate goal—a ban on tests of those bombs which throw up the largest amounts of radioactive debris and are readily detected from anywhere outside the testing area. Under either plan, a UN system of radiation measuring posts would be needed as the basis for research on local radioactive concentrations.

In the following article, taken from their forthcoming book, *Radiation: What It Is and How It Affects You*, to be published this month by Viking Press, two distinguished nuclear scientists tell what is proved and not proved about bomb-test perils.

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by JACK SCHUBERT and RALPH LAPP

WHEN radioactive fall-out as a long-range hazard from the testing of nuclear weapons became a controversial and hotly-contested issue in the United States Presidential campaign of 1956, the intense debate among the politicians was sharpened by opinions and statements from various scientists. Because these did not all speak with one voice, the public became confused, many feeling that if those who knew most about it could not agree, others could have no sense of conviction. Actually, while scientists disagree over details and assumptions, there is substantial agreement on the behavior and effects of fall-out. It is when we try to make projections into the future that we encounter a wide divergence of opinion.

Fall-out is not new to the scientists. The very first nuclear weapon ever tested gave bomb experts a preview of things to come. When the first A-bomb was detonated, early in the morning of July 16, 1945, the awesome ball of fire squatted briefly on the lonely desert sands of Alamogordo, New Mexico, and then rose swiftly above the earth. As it did so, it created a semi-vacuum, as does a plunger on its upward stroke in a pump cylinder. The volatilized metal test tower, sand from the desert, and disrupted substratum were sucked up into the churning inferno of hot gas as it shot upward. Inside this flaming mass the debris became coated with intensely radioactive fragments from the bomb itself. These microscopic fragments, which arise from every nuclear bomb explosion, consist of fission products of bomb material, and ordinarily they would float around in the atmosphere for very long periods of time before coming back to earth. However, because they fuse with larger particles, which act as ballast, their time aloft is greatly shortened.

At the time of the Alamogordo blast some of the radioactive debris settled back to earth and landed on the backs of cattle which were grazing about 15 miles away, and these cattle later exhibited hair and hide discolorations. Subsequent investigations revealed that the radiation damage was superficial. It should be pointed out that this first A-bomb was of low power as compared with modern weapons. Moreover, the bomb was detonated atop a tower which was high above the desert floor, so that the contamination of the local area was minimized. Most of the radioactive debris was swept up into the bomb cloud, which then was dissipated in the upper air. . . .

Alamogordo, then, provided only a mild foretaste of things to come. Nor did the two A-bombs exploded over Hiroshima and Nagasaki reveal the true dimensions of fall-out as a biological hazard. . . .

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"HOT FOOT" AT BIKINI

In all three of the 1945 nuclear detonations the radioactive fall-out was of minor consequence even though it was established as a real effect attending the bomb bursts. Our first real taste of what residual radioactivity from a bomb would be like came from the Operation Crossroads bomb tests in the summer of 1946. The United States Navy anchored a target fleet in the Bikini Lagoon of the Marshall Islands in order to appraise the damage from an air burst and an underwater burst. The latter hurled enormous quantities of water skyward and produced a grotesque cauliflower-like excrescence which drenched the target fleet in a rain of radioactive debris. In this underwater shot the fission products were trapped by the water so that the majority of the radioactivity was localized in a small area. . . . This "hot foot" which the United States Navy received at Bikini stimulated it to establish a multi-million-dollar laboratory at Hunter's Point, San Francisco, for research on fall-out. . . .

A tiny island in the necklace of the low-lying, palm-studded Bikini Atoll served as the test site for a super-weapon which was exploded by United States experts on March 1, 1954. Reckoned in tons of TNT blast equivalent, this gargantuan Bravo explosion was the equal of that which would be produced by 15 million tons of TNT and created a fiery crown which capped the island and its surroundings with a 3½-mile-wide fireball. The entire island was extirpated from the sea, leaving a gaping hole in the ocean floor. The evaporated metal of the test structure, the pulverized concrete underneath, and millions of tons of sand, coral and sea water were sucked upward by the ball of fire as it roared into the sky.

This mushroom cloud formed from the fireball billowed up to an altitude of more than 100,000 feet, penetrating and passing the tropopause—the barrier between the stratosphere and the troposphere. The bomb cloud with its trailing stem became dispersed by the winds aloft and moved downwind. Meteorologists had predicted that the bomb cloud would move to the west, but it rose higher into the upper air than had been anticipated and the high-altitude winds pulled it to the east. As the cloud moved eastward the heavier particles of debris fell earthward. Pellet-sized particles fell quickly, whereas smaller but visible particles drifted earthward more slowly. An hour after the bomb burst, a soft rain of whitish ash was falling 50 miles downwind. Several hours later the ashy rain began to fall a hundred miles from the bomb site.

Two groups of people were exposed to the downwind fall-out of the Bravo explosion. Those most seriously irradiated were the 23 Japanese fishermen aboard the small tuna trawler *Lucky Dragon Number 5*. The other group comprised 239 natives on the little islands of Rongelap, Ailinginae and Utirik, as well as 28 Americans who were manning weather posts on Rongerik.

As the whitish talc-like ash swirled down from the Pacific sky, the simple fishermen aboard the *Lucky Dragon* never suspected they were being bombarded with radioactivity. . . . Untouched by blast and heat, they were none the less touched by the bomb debris, for it coated the boat decks and the men themselves with a mantle of grayish-white flakes. It was an irritating substance, causing the crew to complain of smarting eyes, painful lips, and inflamed nostrils. That night, although the sea was calm and the crew were hardened to the rigors of the ocean, some of the men became nauseated as though from seasickness. In three days some were suffering from swelling and reddening of the face and hands.

Two weeks later the little trawler chugged into its home port in Japan, after having sailed part of the way because of a fuel shortage. Dr. Ohi Toshisuke, at the port of Yaizu, diagnosed the crew's illness as due to radiation and sent two of the most seriously injured men to the University Hospital at Tokyo.

Not all the *shi no hai* (ashes of death, as the Japanese called the fall-out) were confined to the decks of the *Lucky Dragon*. Nor were the crew the only ones to absorb radiation from the fall-out debris. Fish swimming in the waters around the Marshall Islands became contaminated with the debris particles which fell upon the water. The actual roentgen (measure of the quantity of absorbed radiation) dosage to the marine life from the passage of penetrating rays through their cells is of little concern to us, since this produces no residual radioactivity. However, the abundant marine life close to where the bomb was exploded did become radioactive by feeding upon microscopic organisms (microplankton) which make up a thin soup in that part of the Pacific.

ONCE AROUND THE PLANET

The first superbomb we exploded created the need for a new assessment of the possibilities of extended fall-out. Previously the radioactive debris thrown into the upper air had been swept around the world by the high-altitude winds. Usually this radioactive material was dumped down to earth during its first trajectory or circuit around the planet. In some cases it made a second trajectory, but in general the bulk of the fall-out came down within a matter of weeks and was deposited on the earth's surface in a manner which depended upon the geographic origin of the burst and the nature of the winds; usually the remote fall-out concentrated in a belt in the middle latitudes.

But the pattern of the superbomb fall-out was not quite what had been expected. The mushroom head of the bomb cloud soon dissipated over a large area, and we confidently looked to our remote-detection systems to ferret out the arrival of the fall-out in the United States and elsewhere around the globe. However, the Geiger counters reacted with a puzzling composure, reporting little radioactivity. In the United States there was less

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fall-out from the 15-megaton bomb than one would have expected from an explosion releasing one-hundredth as much power. Gradually researchers pieced together the data which explained the mystery of what had happened. High-altitude surveys and careful ground studies showed that the radioactive debris from our Bravo explosion, as well as that from other big shots, was "held up" in the stratosphere and remained suspended in this reservoir.

Specifically, a thermonuclear weapon of the Bravo type produces a total of about 1 milliroentgen dose to the earth's surface, or a very small fraction of the natural background radiation. This, in effect, means that the genetic dosage from thermonuclear tests is not of much consequence. Oddly enough, the roentgen dose produced by a much smaller bomb is larger than that for a super-weapon because of the different fall-out patterns for the two types of nuclear detonations (the trapping of super-bomb debris in the stratosphere, as compared with the quicker descent of fragments from smaller bombs). . . .

This is not to say, however, that there is no radioactive hazard of a global nature associated with superbombs. One thing which must be stressed is the fact that our knowledge about the behavior of bomb debris under varying conditions is by no means complete. Optimism about minimal remote fall-out from superbomb tests assumes that we are not to be treated to further surprises. Should the acrobatics of the invisible radioactive particles be different from those observed in the past, we might very well witness shorter hold-up times, and hence greater surface dosage, than in previous experiments. One does not know, for example, the phenomena which would attend the detonation of a high-yield bomb buried in the earth or exploded deep in the ocean. Nor does one know what will happen under peculiarly adverse weather conditions. But, apart from these possibilities, there is a very real radiological hazard associated with such tests even if the stratospheric hold-up is as prolonged as it has been in the past. This is the hazard associated with certain long-lived fission products such as strontium-90 (Sr^{90}), cesium-137 (Cs^{137}) and cerium-144 (Ce^{144}).

STRONTIUM IS BORN

LET us focus attention upon strontium fall-out, since it appears that it is the most important component of remote fall-out. [One reason is that] retention in the stratosphere does not decrease strontium's activity too significantly. . . .

Strontium is not born directly from the splitting of uranium atoms in the nuclear detonation. Rather it is a third link in the chain of radioactive decays which starts when krypton-90 is born in the bomb detonation. This (technically known as a "noble" gas) diffuses throughout the fireball and decays . . . forming rubidium-90. The latter also has a transitory existence in the bomb cloud, . . . transforming itself into strontium-90. The latter is

"Look, Lady—you don't see me worrying"

swept round and round the stratosphere until finally it settles out and reaches the lower atmosphere, where precipitation originates. Rain, mist and snow pull the strontium particles to earth, where they coat the grass and foliage or settle into the earth.

If we are to evaluate the radiostrontium hazard, we must use numbers to describe the amount of fall-out. We do this by measuring the radioactivity of Sr^{90} per square mile of the earth's surface. This figure is given in units of millicuries (one-thousandth of a curie, the amount of radioactivity associated with one gram of radium) per square mile. If we consider the injection of that amount of strontium produced in 10 megatons of fission energy, then the radiostrontium fall-out over the earth's surface corresponds to 5 millicuries per square mile—assuming, of course, that the fall-out is uniform over our globe. . . .

AEC officials estimate that when all the strontium injected into the atmosphere from all bomb tests to date falls out, the total will amount to 22 millicuries per square mile in the Midwest of the United States. This means that there has been a commitment of 44 megatons of fission energy to the atmosphere within the past four years. Since much of a bomb's debris may fall into the ocean near the test site, and since much of the energy release in the H-bomb may come from hydrogen fusion, which does not produce fission products, it is clear that the total explosive energy of all bombs detonated through

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January, 1957, approaches a value of 100 megatons. Such a staggering weight of explosives corresponds to 50 times the total bomb tonnage dropped on Germany throughout World War II.

British measurements on strontium fall-out indicate a somewhat higher value of 36 millicuries per square mile for the total fall-out. The British assume that the fall-out from bomb tests to date will be essentially complete by the year 1965. Considerable fluctuations are to be expected in the surface contamination by strontium, especially if we consider areas of widely different rainfall.

Strontium fall-out is greatest where the precipitation concentrates, which is naturally, and ironically, where men band together to grow their food. Since radiostrontium emits no gamma rays, it cannot constitute an external hazard to man and is of potential hazard only when taken into the body. Intake of Sr^{90} occurs because of the fact that strontium is a chemical cousin of calcium. Hence, whenever calcium gains access to the body, it is always possible that strontium may be carried along with it, providing that it is present. In the same way strontium may be incorporated in plants by being taken up from the ground. Extensive biological experiments have shown that the relative amounts of strontium and calcium are very significant in determining how much strontium will be taken up by a plant or animal. If the plant grows in calcium-deficient soil, it will have a greater appetite for calcium and consequently will pick up more of the strontium from the soil. In the same way, people who exhibit a calcium deficiency in their bodies will metabolize more of the dietary calcium and take in more strontium.

Growing children need a high-calcium diet and . . . this need is usually met by giving them dairy products, especially in countries with a high standard of living.

Dairy products become contaminated with strontium because cattle graze over relatively large areas of grassland and thus serve as concentrators of fall-out. . . .

Dairy products constitute the principal source of calcium for Americans, and because of the chemical similarity between strontium and calcium it would be expected that the body would take up strontium from the intake of milk, cheese or butter. . . .

Bone examinations have given positive data on the uptake of strontium-90. A human stillbirth in Connecticut (spring of 1955) registered 500 micromicrocuries (one-millionth of one-millionth of a curie) of Sr^{90}, and one in Boston (summer of 1955) assayed about 800 micromicrocuries of fall-out strontium. Sheep bones ashed in the spring of 1954 ranged up to 30,000 micromicrocuries of Sr^{90}, and some sheep from the calcium-deficient area of Wales exhibited 60,000 micromicrocuries.

Naturally these measurements do not take into account the uptake of radiostrontium which is at present still held up in the stratosphere, but which will inevitably descend to earth and eventually enter man's food supply.

If we . . . use the official AEC projection of the radiostrontium hazard (M. Eisenbud, November 15, 1956), we are told that 25 micromicrocuries Sr^{90} per gram of calcium is "the highest foreseeable skeletal burden in the United States." A major assumption involved is that no more superbombs will be tested during the 1957-1970 time period. . . .

Now we must appraise the significance of 25 micromicrocuries per gram for the strontium-calcium concentration in human bone. Taking the total weight of calcium in human bone [on average] as 1,000 grams, we find that this yields a total body burden of 0.025 microcuries (one-millionth of a curie) of strontium-90 in the skeleton. How significant is such a body burden of strontium from bomb fall-out? To judge from the explosive chain reaction of charge and countercharge which the issue triggered in the 1956 political campaign, it is highly significant.

STEVENSON'S CHARGE

It will be remembered that Adlai Stevenson injected the issue into the campaign when he broached the subject of H-bomb-test cessation. The controversy grew, and the AEC Chairman, Admiral Lewis L. Strauss, was forced to enlist technical support. On October 17, 1956, he released an AEC information bulletin containing the contents of a telegram sent to him by Dr. Shields Warren, former Director of the AEC's Division of Biology and Medicine. Commenting specifically upon Mr. Stevenson's remarks about fall-out, Dr. Warren asserted, "Bone deposition of strontium-90 due to fall-out is a minute fraction of permissible level and well below natural background level of radiation. To cause harmful effects, dose would have to be increased many times. Distant or worldwide radioactive fall-out is not a controlling factor in bomb testing."

It is well to examine each of the pertinent sentences.

First, as regards the assertion that the amount of strontium-90 in the bones is a minute fraction of the permissible level, we point out that Dr. Warren would distinguish between present uptake and that which will inevitably be deposited in the future as a result of past bomb tests. . . .

Second, as to the contribution of this radiostrontium to natural background, we refer to AEC data, which state that "25 micromicrocuries Sr^{90}/gm Ca, allowing for simultaneous decay of the isotope in both the soil and bone, will deliver a dose of 2.3 rep (or rad) to the skeleton over a lifetime of 70 years." This is about one-third the value of the dosage due to the natural background.

Third, the statement that the fall-out would have to increase "many times" before the incidence of harmful effects is a matter of definition — definition both of "many" and of "harmful." As a matter of actual record, AEC statements on what constitutes "many" have ranged

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from a maximum of "a million times" to "many." One AEC commissioner, Thomas Murray, pointed out, "In the course of a year the estimates have changed almost wildly. . . . Recent statements have revised that figure drastically and significantly downward from one million to ten thousand. Not long ago a figure of one thousand was made public." . . .

Fourth, there is little doubt that long-range or remote fall-out *is* a controlling factor in the United States testing program. During the Castle series of tests in 1954 the additions by the United States of strontium-90 to the stratosphere totaled an equivalent of 24 megatons (*i.e.*, the amount of strontium-90 produced in the explosion of 24 megatons). During the next two years the AEC test rate amounted to 4 megatons of Sr^{90} per year. In other words, a reduction to one-sixth the earlier amount.

It is probable that the radiostrontium already committed to the stratosphere will not present a *serious* biological hazard to a global population. Whether or not it will present *some* harmful effects to *any* portion of the earth's population is a matter which transcends the bounds of our present knowledge of the biological effects of nuclear radiation. . . .

Evaluation of the global risk of continuing tests is a most perplexing enigma. Who makes the evaluation? What is the "acceptable" risk? Quite obviously, an agency like the Atomic Energy Commission, which is charged with responsibility for testing nuclear weapons, should not be asked to assume the onus of appraising their risks to humanity. Such an action puts the plaintiff and judge on the same bench. It would seem that some international body ought to act as judge, inasmuch as the problem touches the people of every nation.

The world is most obviously faced with continued testing of nuclear weapons. . . . Britain has announced that it will test its H-bomb designs early in June and thus raise to three the number of nations possessing super-weapons. While the Soviet Union has tested a variety of hydrogen weapons, it has not as yet tested the equivalent of the United States Castle series, which injected so much radiostrontium into the atmosphere. In the case of the Soviet Union, the lack of an oceanic testing area may temporarily inhibit the detonation of huge Bravo-class bombs. Test facilities are expensive, and the Soviets might not want to contaminate an extensive land area with intense radioactive fall-out. But inevitably the stratospheric radiopollution will grow as more and more weapons are tested. The United Nations might well be the group to fix a limit to this pollution at a level which would be tolerable.

Fixing this level involves a calculated risk, as we have already pointed out. The present stratospheric storage of strontium-90 adds up to about 24 megatons. The test rate averaged over the three-year period 1954-1956 amounts to roughly 10 megatons per year. This value applies to the amount of radioactive strontium injected into the stratosphere, and, as a considerable fraction of the debris falls to earth quickly, the explosive equivalent of the bombs tested is obviously considerably more than 10 megatons per year. Careful consideration must be given to the acceptable risk which would be involved in future additions to the present strontium burden of the atmosphere. Would harmful effects to 100,000 of the earth's inhabitants be acceptable as a risk in the Cold War? Some risk must be run for the sake of national security, but where one fixes the limit beyond which risks must not be taken is the all-important question. And we should insist that the calculation of the risk be made in the open, in the light of all available physical and biological data.

WHAT IS A REASONABLE RISK?

THE authors venture the estimate that annual additions to the stratosphere of approximately 3 megatons constitute a reasonable risk. This value is so small that a single Bravo bomb exceeds it, and we propose that the nations of the world should focus their efforts on a cooperative plan to cease rather than to limit nuclear tests. As a very minimum, there should be agreement not to test megaton-class weapons.

Should the testing of sub-megaton-power weapons continue, the United Nations ought to establish a network of observation stations for measuring global radioactivity and for assaying the uptake of radioactive substances in plants, animals and humans. Extensive research should be undertaken by all nations to aid in understanding how radioactive materials enter the food supply and how retained radioactive substances affect biological material. The fluctuations in global fall-out and its selective concentration at various parts of the world must be minutely studied. But most of all, the scientists must obtain reliable data upon which to base a safe global maximum permissible concentration.

In retrospect, it seems almost incredible that man's tossing of 20 pounds of radiostrontium—as was done in the Bravo test—into the Pacific air should have had such consequences for the world. Yet this represents 1 million curies of strontium-90, and we have set the adult maximum permissible concentration as one ten-millionth of a curie. Allowing for fall-out variations with respect to regions of rainfall, and taking into account all bomb tests, this means that every person on the planet could receive a full maximum permissible concentration and yet take in only one hundred-thousandth of his "share" of the radiostrontium. The nature of man's environment is such that this strontium would never be a hazard to him except for concentration mechanisms such as grazing cattle and plants and fish which take up strontium.

The world has suddenly become a small sphere—too restricted in surface area for the "safe" testing of superbombs like the Bravo.

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The Superficial Aspect

Eggheads and Squareheads

THE FASTIDIOUS disgust of Mr. Dean Acheson and the vociferous disgust of Mr. Philip Wylie with the "moralism" (the quotes are to emphasize the fact that the word is not morality) of our foreign policy inspire some faint hope that the Pecksniffian aroma in the American atmosphere is fading. But the hope is faint. Mr. Acheson and Mr. Wylie are both Eggheads, and the much more numerous Squareheads have an appetite for moralistic mush that is nearly, although not quite, insatiable.

Mr. Acheson seems especially exasperated by the President's unctuous comment on late events in the Middle East: "Two wrongs do not make a right." Yet it is undeniable, by Mr. Acheson or anybody else. If Nasser steals a sheep, that is definitely one wrong; but if the President knocks the gun out of the wrathful sheep-owner's hand, that doesn't make a right. It only makes us accomplices while Nasser gets away with the sheep.

Of course the President's argument is that if someone hadn't stopped the sheep-owner, murder might have been done, and murder is worse than the loss of any amount of mutton. The argument loses force, however, if murder is going to be done anyhow, which seems highly probable. Israel today is not what any underwriter would call a preferred risk, and Israel didn't even own the property that Nasser appropriated.

The situation in the Middle East presents a genuine moral dilemma. There is no right course, morally speaking, in such a case; the best anyone can do is to pursue the course that, while not harmless, will be least injurious to the world. This means that whatever one does should be done apologetically, because it is certain to be questionable morally, whatever it is.

But Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles are not prepared to admit the existence of a moral dilemma anywhere at any time. They blandly insist that their course is impeccably correct, not merely a fumbling, if honest, effort to make the best of a thoroughly bad job. This is the moralism that has the Eggheads rolling their eyeballs and gnashing their teeth; the extent of the error is debatable, but the assumption of rectitude when some degree of error is inevitable, is infuriating. Like the Old Men who maddened Kipling, these seem to take the attitude that

> Whatever we do, we shall fold our hands, and suck our gums, and think well of it.
> Yes, we shall be perfectly pleased with our work, and that is the Perfectest Hell of it!

However, the asperity of the Eggheads will not appreciably affect the course of history unless it proves to be the precursor of a corresponding displeasure among the Squareheads. At present, what is of vastly greater moment is the prevalence of similar sentiments in Infidel Parts. The wrath of the Acheson-Wylie Axis may be comparable to that of Peleus' son, but it is not as sinister as the cold dislike we seem to be arousing in all the popular leaders of Asia and Africa. For the Eggheads can only froth at the mouth, but the heathen can give aid to our enemies without risk of being hanged.

The peripatetic Secretary of State apparently fancies himself in the role of a missionary. There would probably be no harm in that except for the unfortunate fact that the heathen are also beginning to see him as a missionary has never been popular *in partibus infidelium*. of the gospel, but of the kind intent on establishing the moral superiority of the Catholics, the Protestants, or the Jews—at any rate, of the Americans. That kind of missionary has never been popular *in partibus infidelium*. On the contrary, he has usually been regarded as about the most godawful nuisance known to international relations, not excluding conquistadores, filibusters and plain pirates.

IF the poor, benighted Hindu has got it into his head that Mr. Dulles is a missionary of the meddling type, then we had better transfer Mr. Dulles promptly to some other field of activity. For that would mean a conviction that our real objective is not international amity, but the imposition upon India of monogamy, Sunday blue laws, and the substitution of soda-pop for the beverage that Jesus of Nazareth supplied at Cana; which would be enough to provoke a rebellion that would make the Sepoy mutiny resemble a game of tiddley-winks. In the course of it the Hindus would probably welcome Communism or any other ideology that would preserve them from the horrors of Calvinism.

No doubt a policy is to be deprecated if it does no worse than drive Mr. Acheson, Mr. Wylie and affiliated Eggheads into the screaming meemies; but it is to be more than deprecated; it is to be deplored if it has the effect of creating throughout a continent, or two continents, a clammy distaste for everything American because "American" will be equated with "holier-than-thou." For that sort of thing can hardly be removed by the most toilsome efforts of a hundred years.

GERALD W. JOHNSON

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How Great a Challenge Is Soviet Economic Growth?

The Cold War of Statistics

by EDWIN L. DALE, JR.

IN A WORLD absolutely bursting with problems, Thomas Whitney has raised in the pages of *The New Republic* and elsewhere a problem that he considers the most serious and most neglected of them all: The problem for the free world posed by the extraordinarily rapid rate of economic growth in the Soviet Union. I suggest that this is not worth worrying about a great deal.

Two things can be conceded at once. I concede Mr. Whitney's seriousness and objectivity. I concede all the most pro-Soviet statistics on Soviet growth, thereby inevitably conceding that the Soviets are growing, economically, at a far more rapid pace than the Western world.

And I still don't think any sleep should be lost.

Mr. Whitney has asked, specifically, for a new debate on how the free world can match the Soviet rate of growth without using totalitarian methods. But before this debate begins, its necessity should be established. My purpose here is to challenge Mr. Whitney's basic assumption: That the economic struggle is paramount and that the Cold War is likely to be lost by the West if the Soviets continue to demonstrate a capacity for more rapid economic growth than the free world.

Although Mr. Whitney does not address himself in detail to the question of why economic power is important, it appears to be useful in a world struggle in three ways:

1. It makes possible military power.
2. It makes possible the use of economic instruments to win, or buy, allies or satellites. In brief, it makes possible "foreign aid"—Soviet style or American style.
3. And finally, together with other elements of Soviet "verve" and accomplishment, it serves as an attraction in the war of ideology—the "battle for men's minds." The system that seems to produce the best for the most is likely to win votes where there is a voting choice, as there is in much of the non-Communist world, or otherwise attract governing classes.

Let us accept, for the moment, Mr. Whitney's contention that at some point in this century Soviet economic power will be greater than that of the United States, perhaps even of the whole Western world (though, as we shall see, this is debatable, even granting the present faster rate of Soviet growth). Does this necessarily give the Soviets an advantage in the power struggle?

Start with military power. It seems to me self-evident that the equation here is very similar to the equation of the H-bomb: It takes only so much power to be totally destructive, and after that the extra power is superfluous. The United States has now, and will increasingly have as each year goes by, all of the economic power it could possibly use to create all the deterrent military power it could possibly need. It makes not the slightest difference if a nation has 120 million tons of steel capacity or 150 million tons if it takes only 5 million tons to produce the necessary military weaponry.

It probably is true that the Soviet rate of growth is creating for the Russians an increasing preponderance of military power *vis-à-vis* Western Europe. It is equally true that if, starting from today, Western Europe achieved the Soviet rate of growth it could devote a larger portion of its resources to military strength without serious political difficulty. But several points should be made in this connection.

First, in the sense of real economic capacity and wealth, Western Europe could if it chose match the Soviets in military weaponry today. It has been the Soviet choice to devote more resources to military power —a choice it could make with its totalitarian system. But Western Europe has now and will increasingly have the capacity to build the essential minimum of deterrent power; certainly that is an essential assumption of the recent British defense white paper.

Second, it has been Europe's choice to rely on the American deterrent—a perfectly sound choice up to now. The European does not feel totally cowed by the Red Army because the Yanks are East of the Rhine. In a sense Europe has played a little trick on the Soviets: Let the Soviets waste their resources on military power while the Europeans improve their standard of living.

Next, "foreign aid." Mr. Whitney quotes the Englishman, Peter Wiles, as arguing that rich countries, aside from their ability to create greater military power, "can offer better terms of trade, can bribe more politicians, finance more spies, entertain more delegations. . . ." Is this, by some fantastic stretch of the imagination, meant to imply that the United States today cannot offer

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good terms of trade (we sell wheat and cotton for soft foreign currencies and give back the foreign currencies; we sell machinery on "loan" terms repayable in foreign currencies, etc.) or cannot bribe politicians, finance spies or entertain delegations? Once again it is the H-bomb equation. After a certain point of economic power, a nation can do all it wants in "foreign aid" without any serious impact on its standard of living.

But let us bend over backwards and concede that despite our obvious real economic power today various misconceptions and political reasons prevent our using foreign aid in the amounts we could and should. The answer to that is that we are growing, too. Fifteen years from now—when, according to Whitney, the Soviets may have overtaken us—we shall be able to spend $7 or $8 billion on foreign aid with less pain than $4 billion causes us now (the $4 billion compares with less than $1 billion of Soviet aid annually at present). By pain, I mean tax pain, not merely the economist's pain of foreign aid as a percentage of gross national product.

Finally, the "attraction." Here there are two separate problems—advanced nations and underdeveloped ones.

The *reductio ad absurdum* of the argument in the first category is to suggest that Americans are likely to vote Communist because the Soviets are showing a more rapid rate of growth. Almost equally absurd is to suggest that Western Europeans are likely to do the same thing. The evidence appears to be that where Communist parties are strong in Western Europe—France and Italy—they are strong because of a social structure that makes nearly one-third of the people feel they have no chance at an equal break in life, *almost irrespective of improvements in these people's standard of living*. Communism in Western Europe is primarily a social, not an economic, protest movement. Thanks to Hungary, even that is losing ground—Soviet economic growth or not.

The underdeveloped world is another, and more serious, matter.

The "attraction" of the Soviet economic power here is centered, presumably, on the demonstration that the Soviet method has worked the miracle that all of the underdeveloped countries want—achievement of development. It is not so much the economic power as such, but the *achievement* of rapid growth.

Obviously this sort of attraction is already working on Sukarno of Indonesia and other lesser figures in the underdeveloped world. I suggest that it will continue to work, perhaps more powerfully all the time, but that this need not be greatly contrary to our interests and to our tranquillity. In a word, it appears entirely possible that we shall wake up 20 years from now with "totalitarian" Indias, Tunisias and Burmas (as we already have totalitarian Colombias and Cubas) and that this will not bother us greatly because these nations will not be part of a monolithic world system antagonistic to us. Deep-seated resistance to *any* domination is the reason.

This, of course, is speculation. But think of the problem from the other side of the coin. Can anybody realistically argue that the future political orientation of India and Burma and Indonesia will depend on whether the United States or the Soviet Union displays the more rapid rate of economic growth? To an Indian, the United States is already fabulously rich, and you can't be much more rich than fabulously. He may feel that the Soviet method is best for his own, underdeveloped, country; but if he feels that way, he would presumably vote Communist even if the US rate of growth were 10 percent a year instead of 2-4 percent. In short, the "attraction" problem is a real one, but it is not a problem to be solved by a more rapid rate of economic growth in the US.

I SHOULD like to conclude with three rather brief observations bearing on Mr. Whitney's problem—again in the effort to exorcise this problem from our overfull kitbag of them.

1. The past and present rate of Soviet economic growth is not necessarily an indicator of its future rate. At such a time as the Soviet hierarchy decides it has enough basic industrial strength and turns to expansion of the standard of living, the rate of growth is likely to slow down. Rather than Mr. Whitney's picture of the Soviet curve rising toward and finally crossing the US curve, the actual picture may be a gradual flattening of the Soviet curve in one of those "infinity graphs" in which the two lines never quite cross.

2. As the economy of the United States is organized, any effort to overestimate the rate of growth is almost bound to be inflationary. Enter here one vote against higher prices, unless they are absolutely necessary.

3. One of the great fallacies of American political thought for a full generation has been an overemphasis of the economic. Cordell Hull's reciprocal trade treaties were supposed to prevent war. The Bretton Woods agreements—the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund—were supposed to do the same thing. The Marshall Plan (whose merits were enormous, but subtler than the usual clichés would indicate) was supposed to stop Frenchmen and Italians from voting Communist. For that matter, high price supports were supposed to make American farmers vote Democratic!

In truth the political orientation of countries and peoples is an infinitely complex matter. It is possible that the day the Russians become rich they will be truly hated for the first time by the Afghan and Philippine peasant; it is equally possible that the Russian tanks rolling through Budapest will mean quite considerably more than statistics on Soviet petroleum output; it is likely that we could "save" most of the Arab nations for the free world for a good while by agreeing that Israel should disappear, but it is highly doubtful that we could save them by proving that modern capitalism has achieved two autos per family in place of only one.

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Diseases of Scholarship–II

by ROBERT GRAVES

TO CONTINUE the list of academic diseases which I began in the May 6 issue of this journal, I turn to what the medieval theologians called *Accidia*—often translated "Sloth." *Accidia* means loss of interest, or lack of faith, in one's profession—usually attributed to overwork—which prevents one from attending properly to its demands. It carries little obloquy with it, because although no real scholar ever tires of his subject, he is appalled by the problem of how to keep up to date during the limited time he gets for research.

Such an enormous stream of information — three-quarters of it worthless—on every learned science, and in numerous languages, pours out every month from the presses, that no one could possibly wade through it all. Nor can there be relief to this flow under the present system. Only when all real scholars are segregated from the educationalists, will a central filing system of knowledge, perhaps, be arranged to discourage half-hearted and supererogatory research. Meanwhile, let me suggest that the Ph.D. degree is the plague of modern scholarship. A doctorate of Philosophy was once earned by successful verbal disputation in some University Hall—a proof that the candidate knew his subject and could hold his own in *extempore* argument about it. Nowadays, a written thesis on some scholarly subject is demanded. Such theses seldom qualify as useful additions to the corpus of knowledge, being for the most part digests of existing works. Thousands of them clutter the University presses of Europe, Asia, Africa, America and Australia; and who can trouble to sort out the good from the bad?

Another disease of scholarship is fear of saying the wrong thing, which means saying as nearly nothing as possible. Let us call this *non-commital paralysis*. It is true, of course, that nothing can be proved absolutely, once it has happened: an entire historical complex may be a hoax or a plant; all the relevant documents may be forged or misdated. And it is thought politic by some scholars always to deny offhand the authenticity of any novel contribution which their rivals have introduced into the stock of knowledge. They still remember the 18th Century scandal when young Mary Tofts of Godalming fooled the London College of Surgeons by pretending that she had been seduced by a buck-rabbit and produced a litter of little rabbits. (They fell for it almost to a man.) And since then there have been the Billy-and-Charley coin forgeries, and the Piltdown Man, and many more.

Non-committal paralysis is common among art-historians, who are obvious butts for forgers. A neat example can be found in the new catalogue of the British National Gallery. This mentions a famous painting (*circa* 1510) which has hitherto been credited to Quinten Matsys of Antwerp, and is authenticated by Friedlander and Hullin, the acknowledged experts in Flemish and Dutch painting. It is always known as "The Ugly Duchess"; just as the Mona Lisa is always known as "The Mona Lisa." The Ugly Duchess was a well-established historical character, associated with the city of Antwerp; I forget the name of her Duchy, but she has won enormous subsidiary fame as a character in *Alice Through the Looking Glass,* where Tenniel's illustrations immortalize her and the suppositious pig-baby. Well, the scholar who catalogued the National Gallery pictures has described The Ugly Duchess, with *non-committal paralysis,* as "portrait of an unknown woman by an anonymous Netherlandish painter, perhaps of the early 16th Century." The same scholar, discussing another well-known painting, reports: "The condition of this canvas is too untrustworthy to warrant a definite judgment as to its date, provenience, or painter, owing alike to its over-cleaning and its under-cleaning."

The cure for *non-committal paralysis* may be—I don't say *is—may be*—to inflict on the sufferer a series of searching questions, requiring definite answers, which he must give within five seconds under penalty of an electric shock.

The complementary disease is *thrasycrisia,* or rash judgment, occasionally contracted by a scholar when he reaches the top of his particular tree and can afford to kick his underlings in the face.

In the 1940's, a painting from Rossie Priory, the family seat of Lord Kinnaird, was put up for auction at Christie's. It showed a Resurrection, and had always been known as "The Kinnaird Raphael," until a famous American art expert (whom we shall call Mr. X) arrived —"no name, no packdrill," as we used to say in my regiment. Mr. X arrived at some time between the two World Wars and wrote in the visitors' book at Rossie: "The so-called Kinnaird Raphael is not a Raphael; it is

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ROBERT GRAVES, *distinguished as a poet, a novelist, a classicist and an anthropologist, has recently concluded a tour of the US. This is the concluding essay drawn from his American addresses.*

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clearly a Timoteo de Ser Austerio." Now, Timoteo de Ser Austerio (in case you don't know) is the most mysterious figure in all Florentine painting: because no known work by him survives, nor indeed is he credited with any in Mr. X's list of Florentine paintings. It happened that Don Tomas Tal y Cual, an unscholarly Spanish art-dealer, went to Christie's that day and, seeing the picture exposed for scrutiny, cried: "*Caramba!* An early Rafael!" Then he looked at the catalogue and saw: "Attributed by Mr. X to Timoteo de Ser Austerio."

Undeterred by this supreme authority, he bought the Resurrection fairly cheap, and then began looking up its history. He happened to remember a catalogue of Raphael and Michaelangelo sketches made for the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, in the middle of the 19th Century, by a certain Sir Charles Robinson. Among them were two sheets of Florentine work, each containing two sketches of boys; and Robinson, an ideal scholar with an extraordinary sixth sense, had catalogued them as: "Four sketches of boys, in studio costume, by Raphael, executed *circa* 1500-1502. Three of them are evidently studies for Roman soldiers in a lost Raphael 'Resurrection of Christ' painting; the fourth is a study for Christ in a lost Raphael 'Agony in the Garden'."

How in the world Robinson could have deduced these lost canvases merely from the boys' postures, don't ask me! Yet it seems more reasonable than confidently attributing a canvas to Timoteo de Ser Austerio, when none of his works are extant. At all events, Don Tomas found that the postures in the Kinnaird "Resurrection" agreed exactly with those in the studies, though the boys had (as Robinson predicted) matured into Roman soldiers.

NEXT Don Tomas consulted Crow and Calva Casselle, who expertly catlogued all Raphael's known drawings and paintings at the turn of this century. There he found a reference to those Ashmolean drawings in a footnote: "According to Professor Bode of Berlin, an early Raphael 'Resurrection', incorporating three of these figures, hangs at Rossie Priory; but the authors have not yet been able to check his information."

So Don Tomas wrote to Mr. X and told him all he had discovered. Mr. X replied: "My dear Sir, Your historical evidence is not easily controvertible; nevertheless *I* judge from an aesthetic, not a historical, standpoint; and there is no doubt in my mind that this painting is not a Raphael, but a Perugino [Perugino was Raphael's master], at whose orders the young Raphael made preliminary drawings for the painting of this picture."

Since Don Tomas had tactfully made no mention of Timoteo de Ser Austerio, Mr. X felt safe in switching to Perugino. And though it seems most unlikely that Perugino, then at the height of his powers, would have commissioned his 19-year-old assistant to make studies for the soldiers in this "Resurrection," what Mr. X said, went. The picture is not yet an authentic Raphael. Unkind critics say that Mr. X called it a "Timoteo de Ser Austerio" in his "deflationary" period, when he was hand in glove with Mr. Z, the celebrated art-dealer.

A cure for *thrasycrisia* might be a puncturing of the ego by a skillfully perpetrated hoax, organized not by one, but by all, the sufferers' underlings.

NEXT on my list comes *brachyscopy*, or narrowed vision, caused partly by the laudable desire not to encroach on a fellow scholar's field, partly by the unending flow of specialized information already mentioned. The classic case concerns two ornithologists who got drafted in the last World War and were cast away on a desert island in the Pacific. Even there they kept their scholarly interests strictly to themselves, pretending to be ordinary GI's, and indulging in no small talk; though obliged to converse about such matters as food, water, shelter and possible rescue. A fortnight passed, when a parrot flew overhead, and the first ornithologist remarked idly: "Peculiar bird, eh, buddy?"

"Do you refer to that psittaceous specimen, buddy?" the second ornithologist asked crossly.

The first sat up, ceased to be a GI, and reverted to ornithologist. He said with devastating courtesy: "I'm afraid, Sir, I am not a psittacologist enough to classify it among the *psittacidae*, though it appeared to have certain psittacoid characteristics."

"Then why, Sir, did you describe it as 'peculiar'? It may well exemplify a common and established variety."

"That will be for a competent psittacologist to establish. My field of study lies among the *numidinae*."

"Indeed, Sir, may I ask your name again? My field, as it happens, is the same. I'm Dr. Cleveland Offenbach of Chicago."

"I fear the name is unfamiliar to me; but *I* am Dr. Irwin Zwingler, also of Chicago."

"I regret, Sir, that your name rings no bell either, as our drowned comrades would have put it."

"Is that so? I have been publishing work on the *numidinae* for eight years."

"And I for nine."

Yet neither of them proved to be an imposter. The family of *numidinae* include the guineafowl, and it appears that Dr. Offenbach specialized in the red-wattled variety (*numida meleagris*), the sort known in ancient Rome; whereas Dr. Zwingler specialized in the blue-wattled, or helmeted, variety (*guttera pulcherani*)—the sort known in ancient Greece. The original habitat of both birds is Africa: respectively Numidia and Abyssinia, unless I have got my wires crossed. Since both specialists had been contributing for years to the same learned journals without paying the least attention to each other's papers, their brief scientific exchange ended as suddenly as it began. They dropped the "Sir" and the learned vocabulary, and were just buddies again, who discussed food, drink, shelter and rescue in GI language.

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This story is perhaps what Aristotle called "philosophically" as opposed to "historically" true. So forget it.

I don't think there's any cure for *brachyscopy*, short of promoting the sufferers to well-paid Chairs in understaffed universities where, if they happen to be authorities on (say) the Classical French Drama, they will be forced to double in Parapsychology, Chinese Art History, and Commercial Short Story Writing. Extreme cases might be employed as crime reporters, to enlarge their vision.

It astonishes me how often scholars refuse to consider what is staring them in the face or stinking out the room. This disease is called *apoblepsia*, or turning away the head. The most effective treatment for *apoblepsia* is to lock the scholar in a sparsely furnished room with a dead rat under a floor-board, with a screwdriver for unscrewing the floor-board taped at the back of a table drawer.

DEAN WARREN of Columbia University Law School, has complained about *"the inability of college graduates who come to us, to read and write: a malady of epidemic proportions."* This malady can be traced to a variety of causes—among them television as a substitute for reading at home, and the neglect of Latin in schools. But it is encouraged by a well-known disease: *cacography*. A means of keeping strangers from gate-crashing academic society has always been the use of a scholarly language: Greek when everyone spoke Latin; Latin, when vernacular Italian, French and Spanish developed. Nowadays it is a tortured form of the vernacular. You may recall that when the United States won its independence, Congress debated what language should be officially adopted by the federal government. There was a natural desire to break all ties with England, including linguistic ties. Had it not been for a few enthusiasts who split the vote and opted for Hebrew, German would have won; and those who voted for English did so principally because they knew no other language. American patriots have always shown a tendency to ally themselves culturally with France, and scholastically with Germany; and a Teutonic ponderousness of expression, in direct opposition to the quick, vivid every-day speech of Americans, confuses much American academic writing from the Ph.D. stage onward.

Cacography is further complicated by the *non-committal paralysis* of which I spoke: the fear of committing oneself to a quotable statement. A cacographic scholar will hesitate to write, for instance:

> The art of slinging, unrecorded elsewhere in the Western Mediterranean, may have been introduced into the Balearic Islands by the Rhodians— whom St. Isidore makes the legendary colonists of Majorca—some six or seven centuries before the arrival of the Carthaginians.

Instead he will write something a good deal more turgid even than the following:

> A significant suggestion has been canvassed by Professor Theodosius Slapstock of Upsala. In his Inaugural Address at the Ekeholm Conference, 1955, quoting Professor Albut of Tallahassee in *The International Journal of Classical Ballistics* (Copenhagen, 1950), vol. iv., p. 297, *Footnote 3b, vis-à-vis* the possibility of a growing tendency being, among certain scholars, discerned towards a perhaps precarious view, first broached by Professor Graves of Cairo in a paper communicated to the Ballisto-statisticians of Majorca (Palma de Mallorca, December 28, 1954), to the following effect, *viz.*: that the 1st Century A.D. Balearic *funditores*, whose skill the poet Lucanus praises with far from meiotic emphasis in a familiar passage (*see Appendix C*) of his *Pharsalia*, should not after all be presented precisely as the *Ur*-originators of their exacting art, for which few, if any, analogues can, in the adjacent Iberian and Mauretanian littorals, be convincingly cited; but, following a somewhat undependable early *mythos* to which Isidorus of Sevilla gave currency in Book VIII of his *Origines* as regards. . . .

Shock treatment for this most distressing disease would be to fill the sufferer's mouth with pebbles and make him explain his theories in simple language to a mixed audience of Texan cow-hands and Boston longshoremen.

Among common diseases is *tagonomo-mania:* the madness of argumentative *nomenclature* from which botanists, entymologists, ichthyologists, ornithologists and dendrologists suffer. As I understand this madness, it runs to two extremes: the low level being occupied by "lumpers"—those who prefer to use a limited vocabulary and refuse to admit distinctions between newly identified sub-varieties; the high level by the splitters—those who do not think that sub-varieties are finely enough distinguished, but demand further sub-varieties and sub-sub-varieties (to which they give new names). Any countryman interested in trees, for example, can recognize several varieties of native oak, which vary in the formation of their timber, bark and fruit, and are readily distinguished by their leaves. Yet, because of great differences in the soil on which oaks grow, and the climate to which they are exposed, and the sites they occupy, no two trees of the same variety are ever alike, even without the embarrassing occurrence of hybrids. It is thus theoretically possible for a "splitter" to award a sub-sub-sub-variety to each separate instance. But the "lumper" acknowledges only two or three varieties; and dismisses the remainder as undeserving of any particular nomenclature.

To cure an extreme splitter, give him a dime packet of grass-seed, with orders to separate and classify them: every sub-variety above three that he identifies will earn him a week on low diet. As for the extreme lumper, every sub-variety above three that he identifies will earn him a week's remission of his six months' solitary confinement.

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BOOKS & COMMENT

Generals and Their Superiors

by John Terraine

IT is important, first of all, to decide just what this book is. Much confusion was caused in England by reviewers loosely calling it "The Alanbrooke Diaries"—which places it in a category to which it does not properly belong. In fact, it is the first volume of yet another history of the second World War, based mainly, but by no means exclusively on the War Diaries and private papers of Field-Marshal Lord Alanbrooke, who, as General Sir Alan Brooke, was Britain's Chief of Imperial Staff (the top soldier) from December 1941 until the end of the war.

The Turn of the Tide, by Sir Arthur Bryant (Doubleday; $5.95).

Because this material had not hitherto been published, and because it contained first-hand comment on Sir Winston Churchill apparently running counter to the popular myth about him, it created a first-class literary-political sensation. Quotations were freely bandied about, out of context and against the sense, suggesting that it was an "attack" upon Churchill. British reviewers learned, to their inexplicable astonishment, that Churchill was capable of "the most awful outbursts of temper." They found that

> . . . as soon as he assumed responsibility . . . Brooke was confronted with [Churchill's] two besetting failings — his incurable wish . . . "to stick his finger into every pie before it was cooked," and his eagerness to do everything simultaneously instead of concentrating on one thing at a time.

Brooke wrote that: "trying to control the Prime Minister's actions is fraught with difficulties and uncertainties." He spoke of "Winston's wicked ways"; added that: "there are times when he drives me to desperation"; that he could do "untold harm." It was all very startling, and thoroughly obscured the conclusion:

> He is quite the most difficult man to work with that I have ever struck, but I would not have missed the chance of working with him for anything on earth.

All this was very unfair to Bryant, unfair to Alanbrooke, but worst of all, it missed the main—and valuable—point of the book. That point concerns, fundamentally, the relationship of the Civil to the Military Arms of the State in Democracies at war. In a way it is not surprising that British reviewers missed this, because, as a subject, it is unfamiliar to them. It is a matter much more likely, for historical reasons, to be grasped in America.

All the major military enterprises of the United States (and one includes, contradictorily, the Confederate States) have involved the entire nation, under democratic government. The Revolution, the Civil War, the two World Wars, were all national enterprises, requiring clear definitions of the respective roles of that part of the nation in uniform and that which remained civilian. Abraham Lincoln, for example, would have seen on almost every page of this book reflections of problems with which he had to deal daily, with McClellan, Hooker, Meade, even Grant.

FOR the British it is still a relatively unfamiliar subject. The relationship of the Army to the State was determined in Britain nearly three hundred years ago, by the fact that in the 1640s a broadly democratic revolution rapidly turned into a military dictatorship. Horrified by this the British for centuries pursued the policy of having as small, insignificant and powerless an Army as possible, coupled with a large Navy. It was all right for Britannia to rule the waves, because as long as they were on the waves, admirals could not rule Britannia. Generals, on the other hand, were dangerous.

This policy, and the relationship stemming from it, worked very well until this century, when modern war created the need for mass armies. The problems then presented were entirely new, and very alarming. The first British Prime Minister to face them was Mr. Lloyd George, forty years ago in 1917. He made a dreadful hash of it. When Mr. (as he then was) Churchill, met the problem in 1940, experience and years of reflection enabled him to solve it. That is the point. If he was from time to time bad-tempered, unpredictable and difficult, as any man of such genius must be, it is a small matter. He solved the main problem. And this book, containing its day to day account of the working out of this solution between a most forceful Prime Minister and the brilliant soldier who was his chief military adviser, is therefore a document of first-class importance.

BUT it was not enough that Churchill and Brooke should have to solve a problem of the highest order between themselves. They had also to tackle the even more intransigent matter of relationships between Allies. Everything that Britain did after 1941 was in conjunction (more or less) with the Soviet Union and the United States. It is now a commonplace to remark that "more" applied to the US, "less" to the USSR. But never, even for one moment, was there anything automatic about Anglo-American cooperation. Bryant's book especially illuminates the difficulties that beset it at its most delicate point—high strategy.

Two factors made agreement between Britain and America particularly difficult from the start. First, a material factor—Japan; then there was the intellectual hazard, the differences between the British and American methods of waging war and of thinking in general. Because of geography and Pearl Harbor, to most Americans, including many senior soldiers and sailors, Japan was the first enemy. In spite of Roosevelt's immediate affirmation to the contrary, even as late as Casablanca in January, 1943, Brooke records:

> We found that the main difficulty rested in the fact that the USA Joint Planners did not agree with Germany being the primary enemy and were wishing to defeat Japan first.

Championed by Admiral King, this tendency proved stubborn, and further com-

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plications arose out of the internal American Army-Navy disagreements stemming from it.

But no material fact can ever be so stubborn as a point of view: no confusion can exceed that of two people thinking differently in the same language. "The trouble is" complains Brooke

> . . . that the American mind likes proceeding from the general to the particular, whilst in the problems we have to solve we cannot evolve any form of general doctrine until we have carefully examined the particular details of each problem.

Translated into systems of waging war, this argument created endless obstacles.

Roosevelt, Marshall and Stimson from the first regarded the earliest possible Second Front in Northwest Europe as the *sine qua non* for victory over Germany. This was the decisive front. The British agreed, but ruefully acknowledged that it was not feasible in the forseeable future; meanwhile what? As the argument developed, to Stimson "the difference between us (became) a vital difference of faith." And for Brooke the problem became a nightmare: "having already had to restrain Churchill's passion for premature offensives, he had now, it seemed, to restrain that of his American colleague as well." "Furthermore," sighs Brooke, "Winston was not a great help in the handling of Marshall —in fact, the reverse." But, says Bryant, in offering to go all the way with the Americans, confusing though the results might be:

> The Prime Minister showed his understanding of the transatlantic mentality, as well as his sense of the overriding importance of Anglo-American unity.

As this volume ends, we leave the war at a turning point, and Brooke very tired, disappointed and dejected. In public always crisp, clear and buoyant, to his private diary he confided deep misgivings:

> It is quite impossible to run a conference such as the present one with the Prime Minister chasing hares in the background. We have not really arrived at the best strategy, but I suppose that when working with allies, compromises, with all their evils, become inevitable.

Yet without knowing it, his efforts had already played a large part in solving the very problem that he felt was beating him: creating a working machinery of military alliance between two democratic states. "My view," he wrote later,

> . . . altered completely as time went on, and I grew to have the greatest faith in the Combined Chiefs of Staff organization as the most efficient that had ever been evolved for co-ordinating and correlating the war strategy and effort of two allies.

And that is the second point of this book. It is a study in the development of working relationships between, in the first place the political and military heads of a democracy, and in the second place between allies. Working relationships: that is the real point. They WORKED—as never before.

The Marvels of Organic Life

by Bruce Bliven

I AM the wrong person to write a critical review of this book—for that matter, almost any other dealing with the marvels of organic life. I am so bemused by the amazing variety, proliferation and ingenuity of single- and multi-cellular organisms on this planet that I show a strong tendency to stand and marvel with my jaw dropped, making clucking noises, sixteen hours a day.

The River of Life, by Rutherford Platt (Simon and Schuster, $5).

Rutherford Platt is also impressed by the ingenuity with which living organisms fill every possible vacuum, overcome every possible obstacle, for the seemingly senseless purpose of perpetuating their own kind. Unlike me, he knows a great deal about plants, animals and insects: he is naturalist, botanist, explorer, photographer, and Heaven knows what else, who has won prizes for some of his previous books. His thesis here is precisely the multifarious character of organic life, its marvelous adaptability and ingenuity.

Comparisons with William Beebe are inevitable, for like Beebe he takes all living nature for his field, and writes with grace, charm and humor. At one moment he is imagining the cosy life of the leaf-miner larva, inside a wonderful green world of its own; and the next, he is telling us that the mouse and the elephant both have hearts that beat about one billion times between birth and death, although the mouse lives three and a quarter years to the elephant's seventy.

The aphids have thirteen generations in a few weeks of early summer; if all the descendants from a single female lived, those thirteen generations would weigh as much as five hundred million human beings. The diatoms, minute marine plants, are the most important organisms on earth for maintaining other forms of life; they would speedily choke the seas with their bodies except for one fact. They make their beautiful glass boxes from silicon (dissolved in ocean water) plus oxygen—just as we make glass. The oxygen is inexhaustible, but the silicon, luckily for us, is in limited supply. As with so many other substances on the earth's surface, if there were a little less of it, or a little more, human beings could not exist. Mr. Platt is briskly prosaic even when reporting such remarkable facts as the migrating eye of the flatfish. These creatures, halibut and flounder, when they are young, swim upright through the water, with two eyes, each in its proper place. Then the neck begins to twist inexorably toward the right, until the animal gives up and lies on the ocean floor, on its right side. While this is happening, the right eye, which would otherwise go on staring only at an unappetizing mass of mud, slowly migrates over the bridge of the nose into the socket previously occupied by the left eye which has obligingly got up, like a polite boy at dancing school, and moved a short distance away.

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NR's Annual

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Notes on Contributors

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L'Homme Revolte

by Donald Malcolm

"WHEN I was about thirty years old," writes Mr. Ascanio Di Paola, by way of explaining the existence of this book, "I began to see many things which most of the people never see; namely, that there are many persons in the world who claim that they are doing right, while, in reality, they do wrong."

In 1934, this conviction led Mr. Di Paola, as it has led others before him, to sit down and toss off a fiery letter to the editor of the local newspaper. Then it led him to toss off another. Then another. Then still others. And now it has led him to gather up all these letters, originally printed in *The Hudson Dispatch* and *The Jersey Journal*, and publish them in book form. I don't believe anyone has ever thought of having such a thing before. It is a remarkable idea and it has produced a remarkably interesting book—at least for people who take pleasure, as I do, in the correspondence columns of the smaller newspapers. Mr. Di Paola has thoroughly mastered the peculiar style of these communications, and certain of his phrases, I believe, will haunt me forever. There is, for example, his reply to the author of a proposal to ease the relief burden by destroying all citizens over 70—"Pooh! Shame on him." Here are a few other samples:

Uncommon Sense, by Ascanio Di Paola (Greenwich; $3.50).

On war in general:

> The more I think about war, the more I become convinced that it is a mean and savage deed.

On the people who accuse him of being an unscrupulous Communist:

> . . . During the war I heard the trumpeters of democracy painting the Nazis so black and the Communists so white [and] I made it my business to prove that it was not so. Now that they condemn Communism in every respect, I feel it is my duty once more to prove them wrong again.

This last quotation strikes the true Di Paolanian note. For, throughout the period covered by these letters, Mr. Di Paola has made it his business to take issue with every opinion that has won general acceptance. He is the very type of the Nay-sayer, whose spontaneous reaction to every orthodoxy is an emphatic, "The *hell* you say." He had the courage to criticize the Treaty of Versailles during World War II, and his reply to a critic who accused him of favoring his homeland over his adopted country is a model of dignified rejoinder. There is much that is mixed about Mr. Di Paola's metaphors, and much that is mistaken in his reasoning, but there is nothing wrong with Mr. Di Paola himself. One begins by finding him a trifle ridiculous, but concludes by finding him a little heroic. That is why one feels a shock of dismay on reading, at the end of a letter written in 1950:

> In conclusion, I wish to say that, partly because I am deeply depressed over this murderous and one-sided "police action," partly because I feel I cannot write as freely as I would, I have decided to resume my silence for quite some time. . . .

Impossible as it seems, this veteran of so many unpopular and solitary crusades has been intimidated at last. To the discredit of America, Mr. Di Paola no longer feels free to speak his mind. A year of leaden silence passes. And then, like a sunburst:

> On Friday . . . I was delighted to read in *The Hudson Dispatch* that there is at least one GI, whose name is Emil Hengtswerth of Edgewater, who has the courage to express his opinion of the Korean War.

God bless Emil Hengtswerth. Mr. Di Paola is with us once again, still wrong-headed and dissentient. One feels like cheering. Just now, when most of us have either succumbed to the current passion for conformity, or joined the nearest chorus of dissent so as not to be mistaken for conformists—just now we need Mr. Di Paola very much. It is too early for him to retire his dissident pen from the correspondence column of *The Hudson Dispatch*.

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THEATRE

Shaw and All the Horseplay

THE Sunday supplement people have been telling us for years that Shaw wrote tracts; the theatre people, always eager for guidance of a practical nature, have taken their word for it and decided that it was their duty to liven up the old boy. The fun-loving critics have thereupon remarked what delightful fun

Major Barbara, by G. B. Shaw (Morosco Theatre).

Shaw is when the actors don't take him too seriously. I think it's a conspiracy, but everybody seems to delight in it. That this is not what happens in the current production of *Major Barbara* is its principal glory, and greatly to the credit of director Charles Laughton.

Not that everything is perfect. When Burgess Meredith, as Cusins, climbs up on one of the blocks that are the principal ornaments of the settings to make a speech toward the end of the evening, you know he's up there because Laughton thought the climb would help the speech. Meredith starts listening to the sound of his own voice (with which he seems very pleased) about half way through the performance, and important speeches start to take on the quality of exercises in the art of rhetoric. Also Eli Wallach is very awkward and mechanical, which is fine and funny at times but at other times really doesn't have too much to do with the lines he has to speak. Also Cornelia Otis Skinner is an actress who will sacrifice a whole exchange to a clever inflection on a concluding remark (providing it's hers).

But the acting is good. Meredith works well in most of his scenes, Wallach is genuinely funny a good deal of the time, and Laughton himself is excellent. The smaller part of Snobby Price is not only funny but consistently has something to do with one of Shaw's points, *i.e.*, that Salvationism appeals to the lower orders, not only as an opiate to dull their sensibilities, but as hot soup to dull their hunger. Walter Burke, the actor in the part, left us with no doubt that this was the point. Every syllable of sugary repentance that he uttered was on precisely the right false note; only his contempt for suckers who didn't take advantage of an easy hand out rang true.

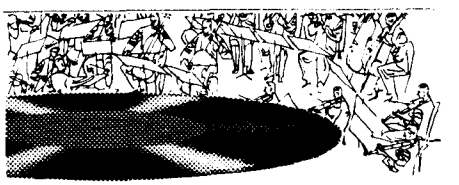
Something should be said about Laughton's performance as Undershaft. I have read the play often and when I came to the speeches which told about Undershaft's religion of war and gunpowder and prosperity, I thought how delightfully playful it all was—and I was wrong. Laughton makes us see clearly that Undershaft is a religious man; that he is the father of Barbara, the Salvationist; and that when Cusins accuses him of being mad, he is, in a sense, right. This Undershaft is fanatically devoted to prosperity and all its works, and because Laughton takes this side of the role seriously the moral repugnance that most of the other people in the play feel for him can also be taken seriously. Cusins is not just teasing him when he calls him Machiavelli. And Barbara also has something to be indignant about if . . .

HERE we run into the major problem of the production I saw. Ann Jackson, who is playing Barbara, is not acting the part. She is not acting another part either; she is not ruined by mannerisms, and she is not miscast. She is not doing anything that would make you like to choke her. For this reason I hate to blame her for what is wrong with the play, but the fact is that she not only does not have the special sort of radiance that Barbara must possess, but has no emotional quality whatsoever. Clearly this is a great fault in any production of this play, for Barbara is the one dynamic character present. From the happy confidence of the Salvation period, to the despair when she has lost her faith, to the growing hope at the end, she is the one to whom things are done and who develops. If this is not presented we lose a great deal, and I am afraid we lose it all with Miss Jackson.

Even without Barbara, the part that is the center and life of the play, the production must be marked a success. To have proved that the mind of Shaw is neither irrelevant nor dull is quite something on the street where Maurice Evans is a leading Shavian actor. I, at least, was interested by the thought that Laughton and Shaw were driving home, *i.e.*, poverty is an absolute evil against which the most desperate struggles are justified. I never once thought, "How quaint," or, "Look at the old boy trying to shock your grandmother." The thought took on the same kind of life as the guff, and both were good. If we had many more of this type of production, even Walter Kerr might have to admit that the intellect can have a life as vital as a pinched behind. But I don't think there is any danger of directors following Mr. Laughton's example.

Richard Lupino has a delightful way of being inconsequential, and Frederic Warriner, as Stephen, has the most artful stammer that I have heard. Within the compass of a single phrase, he can run out of gas, sputter a few times, flare up ineffectually and then come to rest on a dying fall. I should like to know how he does it.

HENRY A. ZEIGER



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